

A Gift

by Judith

“So I find words I never thought to speak. In streets I never thought I should revisit, when I left my body on a distant shore...” Vincent quoted T.S. Eliot, beneath his breath.

He'd just opened another brown envelope from Catherine. It contained a new magnet. This one evoked memories Vincent thought he'd safely stored away.

But Catherine had remembered. That distant beach, the time they'd spent dreaming together, in the sunshine. The shell in a box, filled with sand.

Vincent had kept everything, safely stowed in his armoire. A gift of beauty and love, from a truly distant shore...

